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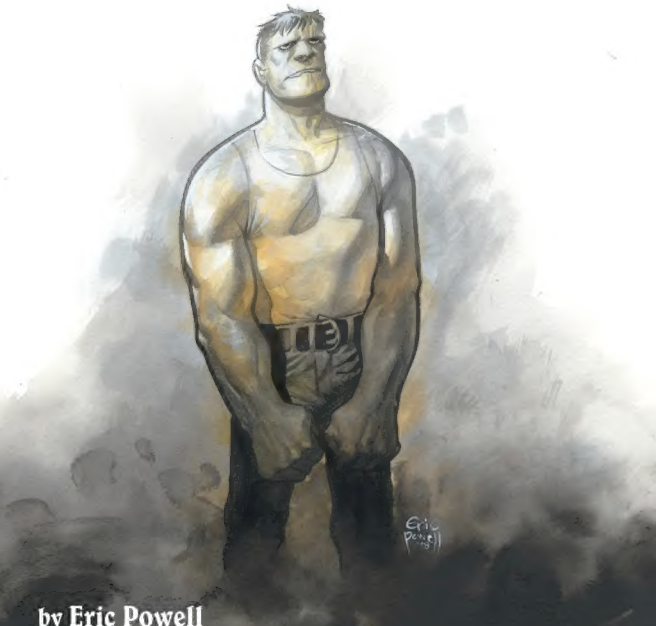
#31

THE GOON™



by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear…

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

colors by Dave Stewart

editor **Scott Allie** associate editor **Sierra Hahn**

designer **Amy Arendts** publisher **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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BANG!
DEMETER! NO!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON?!
GOON, WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU! IT'S IMPORTANT!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! JUST WAIT HERE!
BUT--
MY BROTHER!
TH-THEY KILLED HIM!
GET UP, PEE-WEE! RUN!
DON'T LOOKIT! DON'T LOOKIT!
YES! DESTROY MY FACE, WITCH?! SEE WHERE IT GETS YOU!
YOU WILL PAY, WOMAN!!

THEY IS THE ONES THAT HURT YOU, BILL!
WHERE'S THE GOON?!
WHO IS THAT?!
THAT'S THE MAN WHO KILLED KIZZIE! AND IT'S LONG PAST TIME THAT I DEALT WITH HIM!
PLEASE, DON'T GO OUT THERE!
HEY!
LOOKIN' FOR ME?!
SURPRISED YOU GOT THE GUTS TO COME OUT!
YOU AIN'T GOTTA WORRY ABOUT MY BACKBONE! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT LIKES TO GUN DOWN DEFENSELESS PEOPLE IN THE STREETS! SEEMS TO BE WHAT A COWARD LIKE YOU IS BEST AT!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON?!
HA! HA! YEAH, YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT!
BANG!
SPECS!!!

HA! HA! HA!
YOU SON OF A [redacted]!
CAREFUL THERE! ONE OF THESE OTHER DEFENSELESS PEOPLE MIGHT DIE!
BY THE WAY... YOU HAVE MY HAT.
YEAH, AND YOU CAN HAVE IT!
I DON'T WANT NOTHIN' THAT COME FROM YOU!

FUNNY COMING FROM THE GUY THAT USED MY NAME TO MAKE HIS BONES.
GOT NOTHING TO SAY NOW?
NO, I'M THINKIN'.
ABOUT?
WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU AFTER THAT GUN IS OUTTA YOUR HAND.
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU GET IT OUT OF MY HAND!
OKAY.
FRANKY?

RA-TA-TA
TA-TA-TA-TA
TA-TA-TA-TA
TA-TA!
HEY, LAZLO!
WHAT?!
RATATATA
TATATATA!

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA!
OH [illegible]!

THE BUZZARD WILL PAY NOW, MASTER! WE HAVE TRICKED HIM! HE THOUGHT HE COULD BE WICKED TO YOU! WE HAVE SHOWN HIM!
I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS YOUNG. I WAS A MISERABLE CHILD. BUT MUCH HAPPIER THAN NOW.
WELL, BUZZARD? WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER? PLEASE HURRY. I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE YOU TO HELL, WHERE WE WILL PEEL YOUR SKIN AND FRY IT LIKE BACON.
WHY CAN'T I DIE? I... I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER.
BUT AT A GUESS...
...I'D SAY...
IT'S SO AS I CAN KILL YOU!

'ELLO, LADIES! MEET MY BROTHER, BILL! HE'S SINGLE, YA KNOW!

WHAT BEAUTIFUL LEGS!
DANCERS LEGS!

HA! HA! WANNA KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING DEAD, YOU LITTLE PUNK?!
GOON!
WELL, YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!

NO!!

G-GOON, H-HAVE TO TELL YOU--
NO, BE STILL! DON'T MOVE! I'LL GET YOU HELP!
MIRNA!

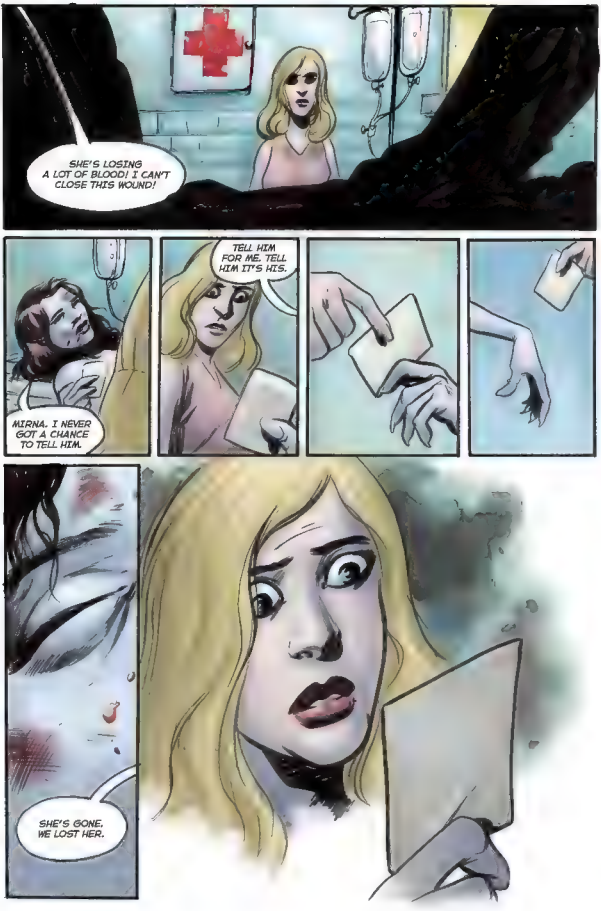
HELP ME! PLEASE?!
PLEASE, MIRNA, HELP HER.

CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE!
TRY AGAIN, DEVIL!
BLAM!

SCHUNK!
THERE NOW! ENOUGH OF YOU!!
PRIEST! HERE!

HELLO, MADAM.
HSSSSS!
BANG!
MY BABY!!
MOMMA?!
THAT'S RIGHT! WE KNOW EVERYTHING!
HOWEVER, THERE IS STILL A PRICE TO BE PAID, AND MY AGENT REQUIRES YOUR ASSISTANCE.
WHAT DID YOU DO?!

HE WILL REQUIRE THAT EYE OF YOURS.
YES, I'LL BE NEEDING YOUR EYE TO PERFORM THIS MAGIC. IT'S YOUR PUNISHMENT FOR THE SPELL YOU USED ON THE MOTHER CORPSE.
NO! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!
AND IRONICALLY, IT'S THE VERY THING THAT WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR MY AGENT TO COME BACK.
I'LL BE PUTTING THE SPIRIT OF MY AGENT, A HUMAN ONCE KNOWN AS LABRAZIO, INTO A FEW OF THOSE CHANGELINGS. THEY WILL BE THE PERFECT HOSTS.
WITH THEIR BODIES AND THE SACRIFICE OF YOUR FLESH, HE WILL HOLD GREAT POWER TO CARRY OUT MY WILL!
NOW FOR THAT EYE!
WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE! THE PRIEST FILLED US IN!
MOTHER?!
AND WE'RE TAKING YOU DOWN!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME DOWN! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH!


SHE'S LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD! I CAN'T CLOSE THIS WOUND!
MIRNA. I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO TELL HIM.
TELL HIM FOR ME. TELL HIM IT'S HIS.
SHE'S GONE. WE LOST HER.

TAXI
WHERE TO, LADY?
ANYWHERE BUT THIS TOWN.
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MICHAEL! HOW COULD YOU?!
I'M SORRY, MA'AM, BUT IT HAD TO BE DONE.

PRIEST, IT'S YOUR TIME. TAKE OFF THE MAGIC YOU DONE TO THEM.
YOU... CAN'T... MAKE... ME...
TAKE IT OFF!!
CRACK!
S-SLEEEP, MOTHER!
NOOOO!!

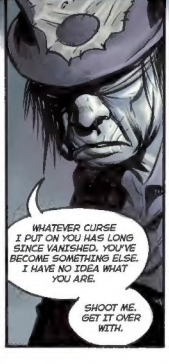
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU SON OF A [redacted]!
DIE!!
YOU THINK YOU'VE WON?!
THEY'RE COMING FOR THIS PLACE! HA! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN BE YOU!

THEN BE DEAD ALREADY!
SPLAT!

FRANKY, TAKE ME TO THE HOSPITAL.

PRIEST, ONE MORE THING.

TAKE IT OFF ME.
TAKE YOUR SPELL OFF ME, TOO.


WHATEVER CURSE I PUT ON YOU HAS LONG SINCE VANISHED. YOU'VE BECOME SOMETHING ELSE. I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE.
SHOOT ME. GET IT OVER WITH.

TAKE ME HOME, CAT.

GOON?
I SHOULD HAVE LEFT WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE.
THE END

EMPIRE
G8T